Go, Live in Shame and Perish

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The last echoes of the ceremonial pomp for the Pakistani four-star General retired on 26th Nov have faded, a hollow ritual for a commander exiting a stage drenched in the people's blood and tears.

His retirement is not an end, but merely the turning of a page in a dark chapter he, along with Asim Munir and others, authored as principal architects from Bajwa's own gang of rogue generals... a cabal of men groomed not for valor, but for vice... elevated not to protect, but to plunder, and who did not merely inherit this dark chapter, but actively authored its most grievous pages.

Right under the gilded noses of these epauletted overlords, the will of the nation was shackled. Prime Minister Imran Khan, chosen by the masses, was not just removed, but meticulously dismantled... thrown into a death cell, confined in solitary solitude on frivolous charges, a stark monument to the tyranny that now masquerades as governance.

This is their true legacy and also that of those who still occupy those command posts... not of battlefields won, but of a homeland occupied from within.

The masses, the very soul of Pakistan, are being humiliated and crushed under the jackboot of a state that has declared war on its own people. Dissent is disappeared, voices are abducted; the nation's daughters, sisters and mothers are publicly stripped and raped in the confines of police stations and military's dungeons. And the national conscience is murdered, all with a shocking impunity that stains the uniform they pretend to honor.

This impunity rains down from the skies as hellfire, incinerating Pushtoon children and women in their own homes, their repeated murder by drone attacks not even a footnote in the ledgers of these overlords. It stalks the arid hills and scorched landscape of Balochistan, where the masses endure a silent genocide, their sons and fathers targeted, abducted, and tortured by security agencies operating with a license to kill, their ordeal a screaming testament to a nation fractured by its own guardians.

The men in uniform, once a symbol of national pride, are now compelled to

hide behind barricades, cowering within the confines of their heavily guarded cantonments, feared and abused by the common Pakistanis they have so profoundly betrayed.

And what is the fruit of this treason? In the shadow of this martial arrogance, collectively the gang of rogue generals and corrupt politicians, in a single year, gulped over five thousand billion from the national coffers.

This grand theft funded islands on distant shores, offshore companies, and expensive, top-of-the-line properties in Canada, the USA, Australia, Belgium, and beyond, all purchased by these corrupt-to-the-core thugs through looting the national wealth. This is not mere corruption; it is a grand larceny, a cannibalization of the nation's future, executed in connivance with the rogue generals who claim to be its guardians.

For seventy-seven years, Pakistan's history has been a dark chapter in the annals of nations, a tragic betrayal of its founding ideology. This military institution has become the most fervent guardian of a colonial legacy... a system of master and subject, where the Pushtoon and the Baloch are treated as a subject people on their own soil. It is a system that wages a relentless war against the dream of a free, democratic republic envisioned by its founders.

They are not the heirs of the Quaid's Pakistan, they are the gravediggers of its promise.

And so, let this be the epitaph carved into the cold, black marble of their legacy: that they were not patriots, but profiteers... not guardians, but jailers of the national spirit. They sold their honor for power and their people for pelf, and in the final, unsparing court of history, they will be remembered not as the lions they pretend to be, but as the vipers they are. The enemies within, who, in their hunger for the throne, devoured the very nation they were sworn to protect.

Their legacy is the wail of a mother in Waziristan, the unmarked grave in Mach, and the broken back of a nation they swore to unite.

Outcasts in the public's eye, destined to live in shame and perish.

...Concluded.

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